

My Flag.

My Flag! You float upon the gentle breeze
In living majesty. I love your stars
And Stripes, the thrilling sibilance of hues
That gleam from out your plastic flowing bars;
Your fervid red, your purity in white,
Your stable blue. You are MY Flag. To me
You are America, the land of hope
For all where man in liberty is free
To live, to love and serve. The stars of faith
Shine in your sky of blue. I pledge to you
My all in service. All I have I place
Upon your sacred shrine. I would be true
To all you represent. You are a trust
To me, a sacred heritage which all
Of those who lived and died for you have given
In sacrifice in blood beyond recall.

Not all who stretch their arms, who move their lips
With empty words, who drape your folds around
Their selfish breasts where martial greed is king.
Give you their hearts, much less their souls. They're bound
To sell you for a pot of ~~gold~~ sordid gold.
These traitors stand beneath your sacred glow
Of faith and trust and subtly instigate
Red war to "Save our land" from foreign foe
To whom they've sold both guns and gas e'en while
They urge our youth to take up arms and fight
As patriots and give their lives, their all
For you. 'Tis thus they stand in martial might
Before the shelter of your sacred shrine
And drain the life blood from the hearts of youth
Into their vaults. They will not place their all
Upon your shrine as they demand. In truth,
They will not give one cent that interferes
With selfish gain while war provides for them
A market for their goods; for them it makes
"Prosperity".

Since "War is Hell" let's stem
This blood stained graft, while patriots give ALL
To guarantee your chastity, my Flag?
Conscript both wealth and labor when the call
To arms enlists our youth. The rich, the poor,
The old, the young are all concerned in YOU,
OUR Flag. Fidelity is more than words,
It lives and grows alone in what we DO.

Leo G. Schussman,
Blue Lake, Calif.

War.

Red war has ruled the world in ages past
And though his cruel sport leaves man aghast,
And though man thinks he's free to live and love,
Yet to War's throne he finds himself chained fast.

When time was young and man was Nature's child,
He roamed at will, a creature of the wild.
The red law of the forest was his guide,
His soul was dark and hence was not defiled.

But with the dawning of a better day
A light came straggling cross his crooked way,
The light of love and truth and brotherhood.
Then man grew loth his fello man to slay.

Although we dream, as time goes on apace,
That love and truth ~~now~~ rule the human race, will
When moneyed might proclaims its bonded sway
Once more we bow before War's bloody mace.

How long will we permit this martial creed
To slay our youth and make man's soul to bleed
In misery and death in order that
Here traitors may make profit through their greed.

Peace.

As when the troubled wind at last is spent
When restful twilight cools the close of day
Before the weary soul has laid away
The tools of toil, and balm of sweet content
Dissolves the heart-aches like a sacrament,
So Peace must come. The music of her lay
Can not be forced: although the heart must pray,
'Tis Brotherhood assures accomplishment.

Like as the bursting rosebud on the thorn
Awaits her turn, so Peace must bide her call.
The petals by impatient fingers torn
May leave a smell of rose, but that is all:
So Peace, when forced through man's impatience, will
But leave the thorn, a naked domicile.

Written in 1917.

Leo G. Schuessman,
Blue Lake, Calif.

[n.d. 1917?]

The University of Chicago

Dear Kirby: -

Just a word. Bill and I are very much alive here at Chicago with a Y. M. C. A. bug in our Connetts. so much so that we have both applied for work and have called for recommendations to be mailed in as well.

Of course we are busy and things are going so tremendously that this is merely a venture for a great opportunity that can mean much to us and perhaps we might render some service in return.

In case we don't get an appointment we can both climb back down and go to shovelling coal for J. M. P. and the rest.

I appreciate your interest in us here and I am happy in your pleasant work and associations. Best wishes to the family.

Your friend

John Irving Roberts.

P.S. Of course when so great an opportunity as service in Europe is given, one can feel that is a definite opening to service and discipleship. I want to sit at the feet of my Master and I believe I can find him ministering and suffering in Europe - John

January 2, 1917.

My dear Brother Lockhart:

Your good long letter came a day or two ago. I think it is a very fine statement of the case. I laid it before Mr. Eddy this afternoon. He is not quite ready to give a definite answer yet, although he probably will be within a few days. He is awaiting final word from England as to the size of the party, and this word should be received within ten days. When he learns exactly how large a party is desired, he will then be in a position to complete arrangements with individual men.

I believe that it would be wise at this time if you would drop him a few lines and state the case very briefly. Simply say that you met him in Edinburgh (as I believe you did), and that if the way opens up and if he has a call for more men to join him in the work that you would count it a privilege to work with him. This will draw his fire. It will not be necessary to go into details about your ability and experience, as I have your full statement in this regard. A very brief letter will be sufficient, I think.

As I said in my former letter, I do not want to raise any false hopes. I have no reason to do so. As the matter now stands I think your name will have full and complete consideration, which is all that one can ask. I shall be glad to do anything I can in this connection.

We have had a very happy Holiday Season together and are looking forward with much eagerness to the coming years. With every good wish for all of you during the New Year.

Ever sincerely yours,